

Running on Gasoline by mAadMax

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Summary:

After a huge fight with his dad, Billy finds himself alone at the quarry until he hears a car approaching, only to find out it's Steve. They haven't talked to each other since that night at the Byers', living like the other didn't even exist and they planned to keep this up. Until Steve opened his mouth and suggested the stupidest thing Billy ever heard in his life.

Running on Gasoline

Author's Note:

Third fic of the "Welcome to Badlands" series. This one is very loosely based on the lyrics of Gasoline. It's a stand alone fic, you don't need to read the others to understand this one.

Again: sorry for any mistakes, english is not my first language.

Enjoy!

Billy sat on the hood of his Camaro, looking out at the quarry, with only the stars and the crickets as his company. His nose stopped bleeding not long ago and he could still feel the pain in his ribs. He took a swing at the bottle of vodka, the liquid burning his throat and making him feel a bit better.

He stared at the dark sky, the full moon shining bright on the quarry and on him. He let out a sigh. He was tired of being beat up almost every other night. Tonight he didn't even do something wrong. He took Maxine everywhere she wanted, he helped Susan with dinner and even washed the dishes after, but Neil still found something to complain. He doesn't even remember what his dad said before punching him in the face, he just remembers the pain he felt as his father's fist collided with his nose, he remembered falling onto the floor and Neil kicking the side of his body.

The beat took only a few minutes this time, Neil got tired of screaming at his face about how a fucking waste he is, how he wished he didn't have a son. Billy waited until his father went to his room and got up, grabbing his jacket, wallet and keys before fleeing his house.

He intended on buying booze and get wasted at the quarry, probably sleep in his car too since the night was warm and he wouldn't freeze during the night. His plans were interrupted when he heard a car approaching. Turning his head to the side he saw Harrington's

Beemer parking near him and rolled his eyes. He just wanted to be alone but of course pretty boy had to ruin his moment.

“If I were you I’d turn the car around, Harrington. I’m not in the mood tonight and might ruin your pretty face again.” He said, taking another shot of the vodka and staring ahead, not even looking at Steve.

“Yeah? Guess what? I’m not in the mood too and I might ruin your face this time, Hargrove. So just stay over there, I’ll stay over here and we’ll pretend the other isn’t here.” Steve laid on top of the Beemer’s hood, lighting up a cigarette and taking a drag, closing his eyes. God, he just wanted a night of peace and the quarry was his spot. Hargrove had no right to be here.

The only sounds that could be heard in the quarry were the crickets and the gulps of Billy drinking his booze. The silence was supposed to be awkward and nervous, but it was kinda nice. They stayed like this for a few minutes, until Billy spoke up.

“You look like you need a drink, pretty boy, and I’m feeling kind so there you go.” He extended his arm in Steve’s direction, the bottle of vodka in his hand.

Steve opened his eyes and looked over at Billy trying to figure out what was happening. He searched for a sign that Billy was messing with him but he found nothing. Getting up from the Beemer, Steve walked to the Camaro, stopping in front of Billy and reaching for the bottle.

“You didn’t poison this, did you?” He eyed the bottle suspiciously.

“Harrington, I just drank half of the bottle. Do you think I’d poison something I’m drinking? No, I didn’t poison it, but if you don’t want it, give it back.” Billy rolled his eyes at the boy in front of him.

Steve looked at Billy and then at the bottle before wrapping his lips around it and taking a shot. He felt his eyes burn while the liquid went down his throat. God, he needed this. He took another huge gulp at the liquid before feeling a hand around his and the bottle.

“Hey, no need to drink all of that alone. Leave some for me, asshole.” Billy gripped the bottle back and took a sip. “You just drank like you wanted to forget something. What is it? Still not over your girl leaving you for Byers?”

“That’s none of your business, fuck off.” Steve barked back at Billy, moving to go back to his car.

“Hey, hey, hey! No need to leave. Here, take a seat and a shot.” Billy moved to the side of the hood and offered a seat to Steve.

Steve sighed and hopped on the Camaro’s hood, reaching for the bottle again. “I’m only here ‘cause I really need a drink, not because of you.”

“No one said the opposite, Harrington. Chill out, Jesus, you’re so uptight. I may need to break out the joint to see if you can let loose a litte.”

“You have weed?”

“Of course I have weed. The question here is if I will share it with you.” Billy grinned at Steve, while patting his jacket’s pocket to get the joint.

“Well, you’re already sharing your booze and the hood of your car, must as well share the drugs.” He looked at Billy, who was already lighting up the joint and taking a drag, holding the smoke inside his mouth before passing it to Steve.

They smoked and drank in silence for a few minutes. Steve was feeling light headed and hot, so he took out his jeans jacket, throwing it behind him, before taking another drag and pass the join back to Billy, who had lost his own jacket a few moments earlier and was wearing now only a white tank top, showing of his arms.

Steve kept staring at the huge arms beside him with glazed eyes and got lost in thought. He knew Billy was hot. Come on, everyone in Hawkins knew that. He also knew how many times he had a wet dream about the blond boy. Most of them involving the locker room and their sweaty naked bodies after practice. He groaned, feeling his

dick wanting to come alive in his pants and moved his body, trying to hide his semi. He should've known that getting high with Billy was a terrible idea. He always got horny when he got high.

"Are you okay there, Harrington? You are squirming too much, trying to become a worm or what?" Billy said while laying on the hood, his arms supporting his body, making the veins pop up. Good God, Billy was definitely trying to kill him. Steve groaned again before setting his gaze at the quarry, trying to not look at Billy again.

"Yeah, yeah. I just get too hot when I get high and the weather is already too warm for my taste."

"You wouldn't live five minutes in California if you think this weather is terrible." The younger boy laughed before bringing the joint to his lips again. "If you are really that hot just take off your pants, man. Jeans can be uncomfortable sometimes."

The thought of being in his shirt and underwear in front of Hargrove made Steve's dick twitch. He moved his hand slowly to palm himself, trying to release some of the pressure and let out a soft moan.

"Harrington, I told you to take off your pants so you wouldn't pass out of heat, not that you could jerk off next to me. Jesus, does weed make you horny?" Billy had a silly smile on his lips, his glazed eyes looking at Steve's hand.

"Yes. Everytime I get high my dick thinks it's time to rise and have a blast too." He pressed his hand down more on his bulge and closed his eyes, enjoying the sensation.

"Oh." Billy was just messing with him, but apparently Steve was too far gone to give a shit and he kept moving his hand down, palming himself through his jeans. Shit, he needed to leave or he would make something really stupid.

"Hargrove..." He heard Steve say next to him and moved his eyes to meet Steve's. "Do you feel lonely in this town? Like me?" Billy cocked his head to the side, trying to figure out what the fuck was going on.

“Steve, what the fuck are you saying, man? You’re so fucking high and making absolutely no sense.”

“It’s just...I’m lonely. I have no girlfriend anymore, I don’t have friends my age, no girl wants to hook up anymore ‘cause i’m not King Steve. And you know, sometimes my hand is just not enough. Like tonight, fuck, I could jerk off but it wouldn’t be enough. I just thought that maybe you...You know what, forget it.” Steve stopped moving his hand on his crotch and laid down on the Camaro, his eyes closed and cheeks reddening. God, what the fuck was he proposing to Billy exactly? Billy would kick his ass again if he kept saying what he planned.

“Harrington...Are you trying to ask me if I can jerk you off?” Billy was still looking at Steve’s face, taking in how beautiful the guy was. His pretty pink lips and his eyelashes that made every girl in this shit hole jealous of. He felt his own dick fill in his pants in anticipation.

“Shit. Yeah, that’s what I’m asking but I know it’s fucked up so just let it go. Please. Please don’t beat me up.” He could hear the fear and tiredness in Steve’s voice and he was lying if he said that it didn’t break his heart a little. Steve sounded so fragile at the moment, Billy never saw him like this before. He saw himself in Steve. The fear of getting punched in the face for being who you are. Hell, he didn’t even know if Steve was like him, it could just be the weed talking, but still. So Billy did what he needed to do. He moved closer to Steve, his face hovering above the older boy’s own face and licked his lips. He took Steve’s face in his hand, his thumb stroking his cheek, making Steve’s eye flutter open, their gazes locked on each other.

Billy knew this was gonna be a one time thing but he wanted to make it right, to make it like his dreams were coming true. He smiled at Steve before brushing their noses together.

Steve felt his own breath stop for a second with Billy looking at him like that, his caloused hand on his cheek, stroking it while their noses played together. What the fuck was going on?

“I’ll do something even better to you, pretty boy. Do you want it? Want me to take care of you tonight?” He brushed his lips on Steve’s, eyes never leaving the other boy’s one.

"Please." Steve responded softly, moving his hands to grab the back of Billy's neck to pull him even close, their lips locking in a innocent kiss.

Billy licked Steve's bottom lip, slipping his tongue inside and deepening the kiss, feeling Steve curl his hand on his hair and let out a soft moan. He loved when his partner played with his hair, it was his weakness.

He deepened the kiss, licking the inside of Steve's mouth before nipping his bottom lip, making Steve groan and grab his hair even harder. One of his hands went straight to Steve's hips, moving him so they could get closer. He could feel Steve's hard dick pressing against his leg and smirked, moving his lips to the boy's neck, licking and nibbling.

"Billy..."

"Yes, pretty boy?" He kept moving his lips until he reached his ears, biting on the earlobe. "Something you wanna say?"

Steve groaned and pulled Billy's hair back so they could stare at each other. "If you don't touch me in the next ten seconds I'm gonna punch you in the face."

Billy laughed out loud at Steve's word. Guess Steve still had some fire in him, after all.

"You're so fucked up, man. That's how you speak to everyone you hook up with?"

"No, just when I hook up with assholes like you. Now you gonna make me cum or what?" Steve fired out back at Billy, crossing one of his legs around Billy, flushing their hips together, their erections brushing each other.

Billy didn't even respond, he moved his hand to Steve's jeans, unbuttoning the buttons and sliding down the zipper before making his way to grab at his dick. Billy had seen Steve naked at the showers, but seeing and feeling were two different things. The feeling of Steve's cock in his hand, the veins running across it, the head already leaking pre-cum. God, Billy was in heaven.

He kissed Steve once more, his hand going up and down on his shaft, twisting just right, making Steve moan and buck his hips to fuck Billy's hand.

Billy took his hands off Steve's dick, making the boy whine. He let a soft laugh at how Steve looked, spread out on top of his Camaro, his cheeks red as a tomato, his pink lips open in pleasure.

"Calm down, boy. I'm not stopping." He slid of his car and grabbed Steve's leg, pushing the boy down a little, so he could plant his feet a little but still stay drapped on the hood. Steve felt his pants and underwear going down and opened his eyes only to see Billy, between his legs, eyeing his cock hungrily and with that goddamn tongue peaking out of his mouth.

Billy lowered his head near Steve's naked crotch, his nose brushing the boy's pubes, before moving to kiss the head, his lips wrapping around it to suck before lowering down his head to cover Steve's dick. His hand moved to his partner's thighs, squeezing it harder, to bruise. He wanted Steve to remember this. To remember him.

He bobbed his head up and down the shaft, hollowing his cheeks around it. He heard Steve moaning and looked up. Steve's pretty mouth was open, slack with pleasure. He moaned around the dick in his mouth and lowered his head even more, intending to have all of Steve inside him.

Billy felt the head hitting the back of his throat and pulled out a little, just to go back down again, making Steve moan his name. He looked up to meet Steve's gaze and moved his fingers up until they reached his pretty lips. "Suck it, Steve." Billy said after releasing the cock that was in his mouth.

Steve's red lips envolved two of Billy's fingers, his tongue swirling around them, making them wet with saliva. Billy took them out of his mouth and moved his hand down to between Steve's cheek, his index finger moving against the bud of his hole. He got back to suck Steve's dick while sliping the tip of his finger inside the boy. Steve grunted, feeling a weird sensation. He squirmed trying to get used to it and Billy took his cock again until the base, the tip hitting his throat and hummed around it, sending vibrations to all of Steve's length.

Billy moved his index finger in and out before moving his middle finger to get both of them inside Steve. He slides both fingers to the knuckles and starts scissoring Steve's hole, the unfamiliar stretch and burn making him moan and whine. Billy crooked his fingers, searching for the spot that would make Steve yell in pleasure.

"Oh my God! Billy!" Steve screamed and Billy smiled around his cock, knowing full well that he had found Steve's prostate. He moved his head back to only have Steve's head on his lips and continued moving his fingers inside.

"Come on, babe. I want to see you come on my fingers only. I know you can do it." He had opened his pants with his other hand, which was now fisting his own dick, twisting and pulling while staring at Steve's pretty face. "Look at me. Look at how crazy you make me. I'm almost coming by just seeing you spread out in my car with my fingers inside you. But I won't come until you do. You need to come first and then I'll paint your pretty face with my jizz. You want that, Steve? You want me to fuck you up even more that you already are?"

He kept moving his fingers, hitting Steve's spot over and over, making Steve move his hips to fuck himself on Billy's fingers while moaning like a whore. Steve could feel the heat of his building orgasm cooling in his groin.

"Billy, please. Faster." He felt Steve's hand grab his bicep and squeeze, his hips moving fast against his fingers, trying to swallow Billy's digits. Billy could feel Steve's body burning below him and crooked his finger one last time, hitting the boy's prostate.

"Fuuuuuck." Steve's orgasm hit him in waves, sending electric shocks to his whole body, white spurs of come hitting his belly and Billy's too.

Billy took out his fingers and moved his body until he was stranding Steve's belly, sitting in the other boy's come without giving a fuck. He fists his erection, tugging and twisting, his orgasm growing fast. He rocks his hips forward, his tip pressing against Steve's lips, who was looking at him breathless on his post-orgasm reverie.

Steve smiled at him, his tongue coming out of his mouth to lap at

Billy, making the younger boy groan and move his hand faster.

“Open your mouth, pretty boy, I’m gonna feed you.” Billy kept fisting his dick, until he felt his orgasm hit and shot all over Steve’s face, mostly inside his mouth but some had reached his cheeks and nose.

He took a breath, calming down from the pleasure and looked at the boy below him, who, in Billy’s eyes, looked like a gorgeous painting that should be in a museum. He stared at Steve for what seemed forever, he wanted to burn this image on his brain since he was pretty sure it was gonna be a one time thing.

“Billy...” He got called back to Earth by Steve, who was looking at him with something that looked like affection. “My back is hurting, can you move, please?”

“Yeah, yeah. Sorry.” Billy moved to sit down next to Steve, tugging his cock back inside his pants, ready to jump of the hood and go home, until he felt a soft hand petting his hair. He looked to his side, surprised by how close Steve’s face was to his.

“Come here.” Steve tugged his hair and moved his lips to press against Billy’s, kissing the boy softly, the taste of the younger boy still present in his mouth. He let go and stared at the bluest eyes he has ever seen. “Next time we do this, we do this in a bed so you can break me apart how many times you want, deal?”

Billy didn’t need to answer with words, he just smirked before reaching for Steve’s mouth again.

Author’s Note:

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